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would seem to indicate that the writer at that time was in favor of peace even if the condition of obtaining it was the South's re-entrance into the Union. And he probably felt the same way after the Second Battle of Cold Harbor.

General Lee was never an advocate of secession; he was not bitter against the North even during the progress of the war; and he came again to be thoroughly national in spirit as soon as hostilities ended. At no time does he seem to have entertained sanguine hopes of final success; and as he was a very wise and practical man, there was probably not an hour after the Battle of Chancellorsville, when, had the issue been left to him, he would not have made peace with the North on the basis of reunion. He would have felt that the South had accomplished all that it could legitimately fight for had it secured such guarantees for its safety within the Union as no subsequent agitation could hope to break down. He was a Union man before the war began, and while thoroughly loyal to the South during the continuance of hostilities, he was not so passionately blind that he was ready, like Mr. Davis, to shut his eyes to all the portents of approaching destruction, and thus to court for his section of the country a ruin that would leave it at the mercy of the conquerors. Had he been political dictator as well as commander-in-chief, the upshot of the war for the South would have been different. There would have been no Appomattox, and no besom of Reconstruction.

LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP HARE (Apostle to the Sioux). By M. A. DE WOLF HOWE. Sturgis and Walton Company. 1912.

As seed-time and harvest, summer and winter, shall not perish from off the earth, so heroism in human life is everlastingly recurrent. We may indeed live by our admirations. There are still men that can hold up their heads with those who fought with beasts at Ephesus, that are entitled to a place on the Christian Honor Roll of that fine eleventh chapter of Hebrews—men "who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness," of whom the world is not yet quite worthy. Hardship and toil, privation and danger, endured gladly in pure love of their fellows—this is the guerdon that still appeals to noble souls, and is a true offset to that "materialism" of which we hear so much.

Not only is honor due to Bishop Hare as a Christian teacher and great missionary—"Apostle to the Sioux," he was called—but equally to him as a citizen and public man. For such as he performed a twofold and interrelated service—he paved the way for civilization, law and order, on the one hand; as well as, in common parlance, "saved souls," on the other. His services to the government are quite as great as those to the Church. He was both missionary and pioneer, an instructor, and an exponent of the best that modern civilization shows. To speak generally, of the twenty thousand Sioux to whom Bishop Hare went out in 1873, and to whom he so faithfully ministered—after thirty years of labor, when illness forced him from his post, ten thousand were baptized members of the Episcopal Church, and *all* had been brought more or less under the best Christian influences. Schools for boys and girls had been established, and all agencies that lead to self-help and true citizenship were in full working order.

The Indian cannot be made over into a white man, nor is this desired or desirable; but he can be developed along his own best lines, and can be helped and encouraged to become an increasingly valuable man and citizen. This Bishop Hare early recognized, and shaped his course accordingly. The faith and hope, the courage and insight, that inspired and sustained him, are something to be laid to heart and never forgotten. Soldier of the Cross he was, but also a true patriot of our American Republic which, if it is to continue, must fuse its many nationalities into a reasonably homogeneous whole. And men are only molded and made one by their ideals. A noble ideal of Christianity and a noble ideal of citizenship are what Bishop Hare's life and labor stand for and express. His character presents just that fine combination of delicacy with strength, of flexibility and adaptability with definiteness of aim and firmness of purpose, which are necessary to the organizer and upbuilder.

"Mortise us into the wall again,
Or lift us up, lest we live in vain,"

sing the Stone Men and Women of Moody's *Fire-Bringer*. Bishop Hare was a true Fire-Bringer, and brought the live coal of spiritual life to a people, savage from our standpoint, yet with certain clear ideas of truth, honor, and obligation of their own—ideas that are the very bases of civilization, and without which no superstructure can be raised. Pioneer civilization is always defective; and, on our frontiers, the white man's civilization has been wretchedly misrepresented. Bishop Hare stood for truth, justice, and fair-dealing as between man and man, stood for forbearance and patience from the strong to the weak, as well as for all that his religious calling implies. He was not only the apostle, but the friend, and by consistently representing to the Indians the best of our civilization, he did an incalculable and lasting service to his government and his own race. He planted Christian thought and modern civilization among the Sioux—in so far as they were able to assimilate both—and when the outposts of civilization touched their reservation, a reasonably common life was possible between Indians and whites.

Our dealing with the Indian is the sorriest page of American history, but the long years of Bishop Hare's wonderful ministry go far to redeem the story. He loved to tell the anecdote of the Quaker who, being asked, "How shall we reach a full-blooded Indian?" replied, "By sending to him a full-blooded Christian." And the grandson of Bishop Hobart, of New York, who was distinguished for his missionary labors among the Oneidas and other tribes of the famous Six Nations—that grandson was surely a "full-blooded Christian."

In reading such a life as this, the comment is not infrequent: "Why take such a man for such work? Would not a less fine instrument have served as well? Why take the highest type of manhood, a Christian gentleman, one cultured and refined, sentient and responsive to the best in our modern life—and then let him devote over thirty years to missionary work in a remote corner of our land, among primitive men?" As these questions are suggested by the Life, so are they answered by it. Bishop Hare was the servant of the Lord of the fragments, who has commanded that all shall be gathered up, that nothing be lost. Then it is just a fine and complex instrument that is needed for the work he so suc-

cessfully performed. It requires subtilty and delicacy of imagination to enter into the life of primitive men, a deep sense of the essentials of humanity, a quick and penetrating eye to perceive likenesses behind seeming differences, an understanding heart to realize what is common to us all. Had Bishop Hare been less highly gifted, less finely furnished forth, he could not have done his work so well. For he dealt with immature civilization as represented by the Indians, and with defective civilization—salt that had lost its savor—as represented by the whites. The story of his struggle against the shameless divorce laws of South Dakota, and his leadership of the forces that made for right thinking and right living, with their ultimate triumph, are not the least interesting and instructive chapters of this interesting life. Bishop Hare has been happy in his biography, and none can read the book without a deepened sense of the wonderful possibilities and great responsibilities of our American Republic.

LOVE AND ETHICS. By ELLEN KEY. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1911.

"No liberty, no virtue," was the motto that Shelley approved, and Ellen Key's little monograph, following her book on *Love and Marriage*, is a treatment of the same theme. Speaking of the present status of monogamic marriage and its concomitant, prostitution, she says: "The horrors of the present system are such that what we should do is compare them with the possible dangers of a new system and see which are to be more dreaded." The great question in her mind is how can we find a more efficient ethical code than the present one for improving the species. It is the hope of Ellen Key that some day we shall reach a point where the erotic discord between the soul and the senses physically and the discord between several persons psychically will be impossible. As the highest happiness can only be obtained through the larger feelings, psychologic necessity will exclude the smaller ones.

The whole book is a plea for a nobler and a freer type of love, a worthier marriage. The author speaks of women as the creator of men and of souls. It is a mistake to think the mother creates the child any more than the father. But she is quite right when she adds: "To fulfil these tasks properly women require the same human rights as men, and until they have obtained these rights feminism has still all its work before it."

One of the winged words of the little volume that cannot be sounded too oft in American ears is, "It is not utilities, but complete human beings, that elevate life."

"A more perfect race means a more soulful race, a more soulful race a race having greater capacity for love."

There is always a question in many minds as to whether a certain amount of suffering is not a condition of growth. But there may come a time, as Ellen Key hopes, when self-discipline and aspiration may be as cruel forms as are necessary of suffering. "The one necessary thing," she says, "is to make ever greater demands upon the men and women who take to themselves the right to give humanity new beings."